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## POETRY.

*From the New Orleans Picayune.*

*Women and Tea.*—The following *celestial* composition our lady readers will peruse with tears in their eyes.—Other poets have sung about women and wine, but the gentle muse of *Straws* will be celebrated in all future time for having first discovered the poetical interest of Women and Tea. The touching melancholy of these exquisite lines is not to be surpassed.

### A WERRY SERIOUS REFLECTION.

I'se just a bin a thinking Jim,
That is, as how as if
That 'ere *Celestial* nation, Jim,
Should keep up this ere miff;
I say I'se bin a thinking Jim,
Vot a hawful time there'll be,
Ven the universal vomen sex
Can't inwite themselves *to Tea*.

Ven the *green* and *black's* all drunk, Jim,
And the *hison, old* and *young*,
Ven the '*gunpowders*' gone off, Jim,
'*Imperial*' and '*soushong*'—
Ven the kittles sing no more, Jim,
And the tea pot is put by,
With the *shaney* cups and the silver spoons,
And the other crocke-*ry!*

Vat vill them ladies do, Jim,
Vot likes their dish of chat?
I'm werry much afraid, Jim,
They all am dished for that.
I thinks on it vith pain, Jim,
And the vimin folks look blue,
For they can't chat over coffee, Jim,
An' I don't know vot they'll do.

*Segars* is werry good, Jim,
And *quids* is inspiration,
*And toddies* werry much promotes
Vons paw'rs of conwersation.
I don't how as if, Jim
They mightn't take to *pipes*;
Inwite folks to—'a whiff,' Jim,
'Cards, cocktails, quids and swipes!'

I hoften pities vimin, Jim,
They 'as so much to wex
The wary nat'ral sweetness
Of their seducing sex!
It's a werry hawful time, Jim,
As every von must see,
Ven mortals try to stop our grog,
And *Celestials* stop our tea! STRAWS.

☞The Committee of Arrangements for this reception of Gen. JACKSON on his visit to New Orleans on the 8th of January, on the morning of the Anniversary presented to Gen. J the following Ode.

The man whose mind on virtue bent,
Pursues some greatly good intent
With undiverted aim;
Serene beholds the angry crowd,
Nor can their clamors fierce and loud
His stubborn honor tame.

Not the proud tyrant's fiercest threat,
Nor storms that from their dark retreat
That lawless surges wake,
Not Jove's dreaded bolt that shapes the pole,
The firmer purpose of his soul,
With all its powers can shake.

Should Nature's frame in chaos fall
And darkness o'er the sinking ball,
Resume primeval sway;
His courage change and fate defies,
Nor feels the wreck of earth and skies
Obstruct his destined way.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

### Cruizing in the last War.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
*Childe Harold.*

## The Ship on Fire.

"Fierce and high.
The death-fire blazed into the sky."
*Lalla Rookh.*

'Hilo!" shouted young Irvine from the forecastle, 'there's a sail boxing about, I take it, Mr. Danforth, in that mist off here,"—and he pointed to a dark bank of vapors that had settled close down upon the waters to leeward, shrouding every thing in that direction in a thick, impenetrable gloom, which the few stars glimering in the clear streak to windward in vain attempted to dispel. I paused an instant listening intently, and for awhile thought my messmate's eagerness had deceived him. I was about turning away when I heard plainly in the gloom the rattling of cordage, the hurrying of men, and the indescribable sound produced by the bracing round of yards.

'Ship ahoy!" I shouted.

There was the creaking of ropes to leeward, but no answer followed,

'Ship ahoy!—heave to or we'll fire into you,' I hailed, satisfied that we had been discovered, and that these sounds betokened that the stranger was endeavoring to escape.

A moment or so elapsed without any answer, and accordingly I ordered a shot to be thrown after the stranger. It produced, however, no effect. It was from necessity, a random one and no sooner had the report ceased its reverberations, than all was as still as before. Down in the fog it was like death itself.

'I believe they've stolen away here, sir,' said Irvine, after a moment's silence had rendered us doubtful of the locality of the stranger, and he stretched his arm a point or two abeam of where we had fired.

'How did the voice bear when you last heard it?'

'Two points on the lee-bow, sir; but I guess they've edged off more abeam, for I heard the bracing of yards in that direction just before you spoke.'

'You're right, Harry, and hark! there they go again. They are down in that fog as sure as the sky is over us. Up with the helm, Taffrail.'

It was one of those nights which sometimes fall upon the tropics. All round the horizon, excepting a clear space to windward cut out as it were from the darkness, hung a black and gloomy curtain, wrapping sea and sky in gloom, and brooding like some gigantic wing darkly and mysteriously upon the waters. Behind us, as I have said, a patch of pale sky was visible, streaked with ragged clouds, and twinkling with a myriad of stars,—while before the thick bank of vapors stretched far away, opening shadowy and undefined ahead, as if to lure us into some enchanted ocean, without shore or haven, such as the old chroniclers assert the unwary mariners were often seduced into. So thick was this fog that we could not see a fathom before us; and the tall taper masts overhead were lost insensibly in its shadows. A black, palpable, awful gloom, had gathered around us, burying us in its insatiate embrace, and hiding every thing to leeward from our sight. Hitherto, however, we had been stealing along the edge of this fog before a gentle breeze; but as soon as our helm was shifted we glided into the mist, and before five minutes could just see the stars flickering fainter and fainter to windward, until at length they seemed suddenly to go out. So utter than become the obscurity, that the look-out on the forecastle could just be discerned looming large and dark ahead. We were meanwhile advancing further and still further into the fog, and yet we saw no signs of the strange vessel we had but lately heard. I began to fear lest he might eventually evade us, and before we were aware of it steal off to windward.

'Do you hear any thing, Irvine?' I asked, 'the chap may yet slip through our fingers, and quietly edge up to windward. Captain Drew,' I continued, as my superior came on deck, 'there's a strange sail in the fog here, somewhere to leeward, but it's too dark to discern his position, and he is just as likely as not to creep around our quarter, get the weather guage, and go off into the teeth of the wind.'

'Where was he when detected?' said he, to to my great relief assuming the direction. I explained.

'Keep her so, then, Taffrail—and let a good look-out be kept, the fellow shall not pass us so.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' I answered, taking my position on the staboard quarter, nad leaning anxiously over the side, as I strained my eyes into the gloom.

The fog now grew, if possible, still more intense, settling down bodily on every side around us. The deck of the schooner, meanwhile, was buried in silence; even the creaking of the rudder seemed to die away; and the strain of the canvass in the breeze become every moment more noisless, until at length the air fell so light that we seemed stealing on like a shadow across the deep. Even the ripples under the cutwater soon ceased, and in another moment we were lying motionless, with our mainsail swinging heavily about, and its peak fading away, like a whiff of pale white smoke, into the frowning arch overhead. It was evident that the breeze had failed us as soon as we entered the fog, and that we had been carried thus far into it only by the headway we had gained before.

'Where can we be?—do you hear any thing, Mr. Danforth?' ejaculated Captain Drew.

'It's as still as the grave, sir.'

For nearly an hour we continued lost in the obscurity. At times light puffs of wind would urge us on for a few moments, and when our hopes were beginning to rise, would as suddenly die away, or torment us by a baffling change.—At intervals we fancied we heard sounds, or saw faint lights flickering far down in the gloom.—But time soon proved them to be illusions. At length the fog to windward began slowly to undulate, and directly lifting from the waters, it hung a few degrees above the horizon, disclosing a long, greenish streak stretching along the seaboard in that quarter, which soon deepened into a brighter tint, and directly the moon, with her enormous disk, slid up above the outline of the waves, pouring a flood of glory on the sky, and shooting a train of silvery light along the billows, flickering and sparkling as it danced towards us. It was a fairy scene. The darkness around, the patch of clear sky above, the flashing path of the moonbeams on the sea, and the deep shadows of the billows down in their depths, added beauty and brilliancy to the sight, and made us pause for a moment in involuntary admiration.

'The strange sail is on the weather quarter!' suddenly sung out Irvine.

We turned; and sure enough away to windward, his tall pyramid of hamper in bold relief against the sky, a large, heavy merchantman was seen, with every rag of canvass set that could be made to draw, running upon a gentle breeze right into the eye of the wind. From his peculiar rig, and the fullness of his mould we at once decided him to be an Englishman. He had taken advantage of the occasional puffs of air, and for all we knew had aided them by towing, until he had succeeded in getting clear of the fog, had worked to windward, and now, with a breeze that tauntingly kept aloof from us, was standing off at the rate of nearly three knots to an hour. We could see the wind abeam a half a mile astern, marking its boundary by a line of gentle ripples; but, as sometimes happens, coyly keeping aloof, and though often varying its position a quarter of a mile either way, never comming nigh enough to touch our sails. Nothing could be more provoking.

'Can we reach him with the long gun?' asked Captain Drew, as the gunner tumbled up the ladder, and rubbing his half-opened eyes, gave the stranger a professional squint.

'It wouldn't be a sure shot, I'm afeard, sir,' said he, dubiously shaking his head, after he had measured the distance with his eye.

'Pipe away the boat's crews then!' shouted the Captain, 'we must tow the schooner into that breeze—all hands there—ready?'

In a few minutes the boats were launched, manned by their athletic crews, and directly were sweeping away, with our gallant craft behind them, at a rate which promising to bring us up to the enemy in a little time. Meanwhile, as the moon rose higher above the horizon, the fog to leeward slowly curled up, thinned imperceptibly away, rolled to and fro a few moments, and then vanished altogether before the flood of glorious light. The fleecy vapors too sailed slowly down the firement, and soon left the heavens as cloudless as an Eden sky. It was such a night as might have shone on Paridise before sin and misery had come upon the world. As I watched the boats ahead a train of sweet and peaceful memories came stealing over my mind. I was back by my father's house, the happy scenes of childhood, and the mirrored lake I loved to gaze upon at moonlight. How different was my situation now! Thousand of miles rolled between me and that happy home; the parents that once cherished me were no more; my inheritance had passed away into the hands of strangers; and I was an unknown orphan, penniless, and friendless, with no fortune but my own good sword.—But my train of reflections, were cut short by the hoisting in of the boats, and the noisy duties of my station. We had now caught the breeze, and were beginning to urge slowly ahead. In an incredibly short space of time we were eating into the wind, with every rag of canvass spread and wet to the trucks.

The end of the next fifteen minutes was waited for in eager suspense, as it would develope the relative swiftness of the two vessels, and enable us to decide upon our chances of overtaking the chase. We found, however, that she was no contemptible rival. She seemed admirably manned; performed her evolutions with great rapidity; and managed several manœuvres in a way that might have shamed the service. At length, however, it became evident that we were slowly gaining on her; though at such a rate as would prolong the pursuit till long after daylight. Besides, if the breeze should freshen into a blow, she could carry sail enough to drop us in a few hours. However, we continued to gain upon her in spite of her exertions, and before four bells in the morning watch were within long cannon shot, though almost dead to leeward. If we could cripple her by a well-sent ball, the pursuit would be at an end. The captain himself went forward as the gunner prepared to point his piece.

'A little too low, Mr. Hawser, is n't it?—you'll hull her I fancy with that.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said the gunner, stooping down again to squint along the gun, 'but you forget the swell.'

'Well, well,' laughed the captain, 'let him have it then—we are lossing headway every instant.'

'Here goes then,' answerd the old fellow, whirling his match around, and applying it to the touch-hole; and in an instant the flame leaped from the narrow mouth, the report cracked sharply upon the night air, and the white, sulphurous smoke sailed slowly down to leeward. We anxiously watched the path of the shot, but it whizzed harmlessly past the foe. The old fellow turned round in chagrin, kicked the powder boy out of his way to relieve himself, and then set about pointing his favorite piece with a deliberation that threatened no child's play. And he succeeded. The crash of the mizzen-top-sail marked the course of the ball. A third shot went plump upon the quarter, knocking a part of the wheel house to atoms.

'Huzza!' shouted the old fellow, warming in his work, 'pay it into 'em—where's the powder horn, you monkey?—I'll make that fellow at the wheel dodge quicker this time—what the deuce are you gaping for? when I 'm waiting for powder, you lubber,—take that,' and cuffing the offender with one hand, he stooped, glanced at her sight again, and then let drive with his darling once more. The ball struck the quarter well aft, cutting its way transversely nearly the whole length of the ship. But et the same instant a flash darted from the stern-port of the chase, and before we could look up our huge mainsail came rattling to the deck.

'Shot away the halyards, by Jove!' ejaculated the captain, 'the fellow has pluck any how—let the mainsail be slung again—merrily there!'

'Look how he's walking away from us, Danforth,—he's got a six knot breeze there, as I live,' said Jack, as the chase lowered suddenly half way to the horizon, and then gallantly recovering himself, went off like a racer at the start. A sudden puff had struck him, and before long he was safe from our shot. For some time afterward the wind came in cat's-paws, now blowing gently and now dying altogether away. Every one who has been in that latitude knows how provoking uncertain at times is a breeze. To our utter chagrin, at last, it fell calm, leaving the chase a gainer by several miles. She could now be seen, lying in a liquid flood of moonlight, rising and falling lazily upon the swell, her white sails scarcely moving from the mast, and flashing in the distance, like a sea-gull's snowy wing. All at once Captain Drew, who had been scrutinising her through his glass, exclaimed,

'There's something the matter on board there, the men have almost all left her decks,—and even those aloft repairing are coming down—what can it be, Mr. Jones?'

'I can't make out, sir—the crew perhaps has mutinied, they are running wildly hither and thither—no, my God, *the ship's on fire!*' he ejaculated, as a cloud of thick, black smoke suddenly puffed up her fore-hatchway, followed by a long, vivid stream of fire, that shot up brightly into the midnight sky. We saw at once that the flames must have been raging some time in the hold, and that they had attained an intensity which would defy every effort to subdue them.—It was a fearful sight. The eager element shot along the rigging, and swiftly up the foremast, and wrapping the hamper in a sheet of fire, streamed almost perpendicularly upward a fathom or two above the truck. There was no breeze but the undulations of the atmosphere, swept the dense smoke to one side, forming, as it were, a gloomy curtain against which the lurid flames shone in terrible relief. Every object on board could now be distinctly seen, and we noticed that all at once the whole crew rushed aft. A signal of distress the next instant, was shewn on the quarter, All this had passed in a moment.

'Lower away the boats—pipe their crews there, boatswain! quick, sir, or the poor wretches will be lost,' thundered the captain.

The men hurried to their stations, fired with a sympathy equal to his own.

'Mr. Danforth,' he said, 'I shall give you the command of the leading boat, spare no effort to reach them in time,—but,' he continued, in a whisper, 'mind the magazine!'

'Ay, ay, sir,' I answered, touching my hat, and leaping into the stern sheets continued, 'push off there forward,—and now give way with a will, boys,—*pull.*'

There is something noble in the character of a sailor, wherever he is found. It has a frankness, a generosity, a daring courge which excites our admiration, and wins his way to the heart. To their honor I can say that this is peculiar to no one nation more than to another. A sailor is in most respects a citizen of the world. No matter what land has given him birth, his sympathy is aroused at once by the call for help. He makes no distinction between friend and foe. To implore his aid is to command his services. Nor did this truth fail on the present occasion. Nothing could rival the ardor of our men. They bent to their oars with the thews of giants, curling the waters in the foam beneath our bows, and sending the boats along as if they had been pleasure skiffs.

But swift as was our progress that of the destroying element was still more so. The fire had spread with such frightful rapidity as to wrap the whole fore-part of the ship in flames, and threatened to consume her befor we could arrive.—Since it had found vent it had raged with redoubled fury, until now the shrouds, the foremast, the bowsprit, the yards every thing was sheeted with fire, which, whirling round and round ascended spirally to the mast-head, shooting its forky tongues out on every hand, and streaming like a meteor away up into the calm, blue sky. Meanwhile the flames had broken out from the after hatch, and catching at once to the ratlins, leaped from rope to rope, ran wildly up the rigging, speard amost instantly to the huge lower sails, hissing, flashing, and roaring as they went, until at length the whole ship seemed a mass of lurid fire, and nothing was left untouched but the narrow quarter deck, on which the now despairing crew had gathered in crowds, some eagerly endeavoring to lower the only boat that had escaped the flames, some frantically crying out for mercy, some cursing and blaspheming awfully in their agony, and some streching out their hands imploringly for help.

'Give way, my men, give way—will you see them miserably burned to death before your eyes?' I shouted, rising in the boat and waving my hat to the sufferers, forgetting in the excitement of the moment the imminency of our own danger in case of an explosion. The poor wretches on the quarter of the burning ship answered back with a hysteric shout. Our gallant tars started, like mettled hounds at the cry, and with a few vigorous strokes we dashed up to the quarter.

'Keep her off there,' I shouted, seeing that we should be swamped by the eagerness of the sufferers to escape, 'keep her off—jump overboard, and we'll pick you up,' I continued, as we fell off from her quarter again; and in less than three minutes the deck was bare, and our boats full of the rescued crew.

'Mr Danforth,' at this moment, shouted Jack, from the other boat ahead, 'there's a lady and her farther, they say here,—still on board, for heaven's sake let us try to save them.'

For one moment as I remembered my orders, and the extremity of our danger I paused; but when I reflected that by departing, we should abandon two human beings to a horrid death, I hesitated no longer. Hastily learning from the mate of the vessel that they were their only passengers, and having taken refuge in the hold during the late conflict, had since been forgotten,—and not feeling warranted in ordering any one on so dangerous a service, I gave the boat in charge to Irvine, who had luckily smuggled himself on board, sternly bid one or two of my crew who attempted to follow to keep their stations, mounted her side by a rope that hung over the quarter, rapidly traversed the deck in the midst of a tremendous heat, and darted down the companion way, leaving the flames roaring not five feet from its entrance.

The cabin was a large one, and fitted up with extraordinary taste. The decorations were even luxurious, and such as I had at that time rarely seen in merchanimen. The state rooms were of mahogany, inlaid with a still darker wood, which I knew not the name of, and finished off with the greatest elegance. Curtains, apparently of damask hung around, and the show of silver and cut glass by the companion way was even brilliant. The cabin was, however, still as death. A lady's glove lay on an Ottonan, and beside it was an open book; but no other traces of a human being were discernible around. Where could the owner of that small, delicate French glove be? Was she already a victim to the frightful element?—had the mate deceived himself in supposing she had been removed from the hold?—was there no hope, if she still lived, of reaching her in time to save her from a horrid death! All these questions flashed rapidly across my mind, and my heart stickened as I owned I could not answer them. The danger, meanwhile, grew more and more imminent. I was standing, as it were, above a mine that had been sprung; for should the flames reach the magazine inevitable destruction must ensue.—Nor could that catastrophe be much longer postponed. The devouring element had already gained possession of all around, and even now might be eating its way ravenously toward it—Besides, if we paused a moment longer the fire would reach the companion way, and all hope of escape from the cabin be cut off. Had it been only my own life that was endangered, I would not have hesitated in perilling it to the utmost, but when I remembered that a dozen gallant, fellows of my crew, as well as a score of others from the rescued sufferers, would be involved in my own fate, I could not doubt as to my duty. These reflections, however, had not occupied more than the instant in which I had been throwing open successively the doors of the various state rooms. Alas! all were empty. With a heavy heart I was about to mount the compaion way, when I noticed that a massy curtain at the father end seemed to divide off a smaller cabin aft of the one I was in. Without a moment's delay I rubed toward it, hastily lifted it aside, and there beheld a sight I shall never forget.

This after cabin was much smaller, but far more luxurious than the other. It was adorned with every thing that taste could snugest, or wealth afford. Ottomans ran completely around it, forming a kind of divan. At one side was a harp, and beside it some music was scattered on the floor. But after the first hasty survey, I saw nothing but a group of two beings before me.—One of them was a gray haired man, apparently about sixty-five, dressed in the gentlemanly costume of a former day. He was bending wildly over the almost inanimate form of a fair girl, reclining on the cushions. Never had I seen a being who looked more beautiful than that pale, half-fainting creature, seemed at that moment.—One arm supported her on the divan, and the other was thrown around her father's neck, the blue veins just discernible as they stole along beneath the ivory skin. Her head rested on the bosom of her parent, and the hair, loose and unbound, streamed in dark, glossy ringlets over her shoulders. At the noise made by my entrance she started, raised her head, and I could see thro' the tears that glistened on her lashes one of the sweetest hazel eyes I had ever looked upon. A quick flush shot over her face, crimsoning it like a rose-leaf, as she beheld a stranger; and half starting to her feet, she essayed a moment to speak and then stood with half opened lips, gazing almost wildly upon me.

'For God's sake fly,' I cried, 'the ship is on fire in every part,—we can barely escape by the companion way—in another instant she will blow up—why hesitate? For heaven's sake come.'

'Oh! sir, God bless you for this kindness—there is then hope,' exclaimed the old man,—'but Isabel has fainted,' he continued—'go, fly, I will die with her,' he added, in a voice of agony vainly essaying to raise in his enfeebled arms, the seemingly lifeless form of his daughter. I looked into her face. The transition from calm despair to hope had been too great, and she had indeed fainted. It was no time to hesitate. Hastily raising the beautiful stranger in my arms, I called upon the old man to follow, dashed into the front cabin, hurried up the companion way, and to my utter horror, found the flames had just crossed the entrance. For but a second I paused. Death was behind, destruction perhaps before.—Laying my hand upon the old man's shoulder I urged him ahead, hurriedly threw the shawl of the fair around her face and from, made a bold, desperate push for life, and in another instant amid the cheers of my men, had gained the quarter deck. The boat shot to the side, a dozen arms were extended to receive by burden, I carefully gave it in charge to the nearest, almost slang the old man after, and springing with a bound into the stern sheets, waved my arm, and shouted.

'Shove off—board—give way—and if ever you pulled before; pull now, for your lives, my men!'

I was obeyed. With one soul they bent their brawny arms to the task, and while the ash almost snapped beneath them, made the boat whirl from the quarter, and then sent her with the velocity of a sea-gull over the deep. Not a word was spoken. The old man sat beside

[*Concluded on the 4th Page.*]

From the Bangor Democrat.

## WHAT IS THE OBJECT?

From the present appearance of things the great object of England is to put off definite action on the Northeastren Boundary line question and others connected with it, until after the adjournment of Congress, and the great object of the Provincial authorities and people, less apprehensive of National than State action, is to get quietly by the adjournment of the Maine Legislature. The frivolous pretences, flimsy equivocations and singular denials of the British Minister fairly admit and warrant this explanation and conclusion.—We would not express the harsh sentiment that Mr. Fox has premeditatedly dissembled and uttered what is untrue; although he has unquestionably acted the part of a wary and accomplished diplomatist, we charitably believe he has in a measure acted upon wrong information, purposely or most indiscreetly and dishonorably communicated to him. It has and will be proved beyond doubt or cavil, that the statements in his communication to Mr Forsyth of the 26th of January, do not correspond with facts. Yet whatever advices he might have received, his denial in relation to military movements and occupancy in the disputed territory is very surprising, inasmuch as the Governor of New Brunswick had *admitted* what he denies, in his communication to Gov. Fairfield only one month previous.

In his letter to Governor Fairfield, dated 19th December, 1839, Gov Harvey says—

"Whatever movement of troops may have taken place "on the side of Lower Canada, have been made by au"thority superior to mine—but I apprehend they have "consisted, not of two regiments but of one or two "companies, as a small detachment for the protection of "certain buildings which have been constructed for the "better accommodation of Her Majesty's troops on their "march between the Lower and Upper Provinces, and "of the provisions, stores and other public property "therein deposited."

On the 26th of January, 1840, only about one month after the above was written, Mr Fox writes to Mr. Forsyth as follows—

"It appears from accurate, information now in the pos"session of the undersigned, that the Governor of Maine "and through him the President and general government "of the United States have been misinformed as to the "facts. In the first place no reinforcement has been "marched to the British post at the Lake Temiscouta; "the only change occurring there has been the relief of "a detachment of Her Majesty's 24th regiment of equal "force of the 11th regiment—this force of one company "being stationed at the Temiscouta post, as it always "has been, for the necessary purpose of protecting the "stores and accommodations provided for the use of Her "Majesty's troops who may be required, as heretofore, "to march by that route to and from the provinces of "Canada and New Brunswick, In the second place, it "is not true that the British authorities either have built "or are building barracks on both sides of St. John's "river; *no new barracks have in fact been built any where.*

The difference in the statemants of those two British functionaries is most apparent. The want of accuracy and fidelity to facts in Mr. Fox's letter are now generally known, and Gov. Harvey's frank admission in relation to British buildings, (he does not it is true use the word *barracks,)* stores, provisions and public property, and the location, passing and repassing of troops in and over that district, *military occupancy* to all intents and purposes, seems to have been as generally overlooked.

Another circumstance goes to strengthen the view we have here taken, that one great object of the British is delay. In his last letter to the United States Secretary the British Minister asserts that Her Majesty's authorities in North America will, as at *present advised,* take upon themselves the responsibility of acting according to their *discretion.* In the exercise of this discretion they decline to remove their troops and persist in violating their pledged faith not "to seek to take military possession," without renewed instructions, and *take time* to communicate with the Home Government.

Now is it to be believed that Governor General Thompson, recently commissioned and sent out to this country, and the British Minister residing here, have not received definite instructions, or that they are not fully acquainted with the disposition of their government upon this subject?—The supposition is inadmissible, and hence we infer that the object of sending across the Atlantic is procrastination and an unwillingness for the present by overt acts to commit the English Government and expose to us its true policy. Such may be the instructions of that Government to its official agents, but we have shown that these agents do not altogether agree in the developments that have been made.

As we understand it, the case stands thus: Our Government has demanded of the British Minister the abandonment of their military occupancy of the disputed territory; Mr Fox replies that as at present advised he shall not comply with the demand, and has transmitted the request to his government, and until a reply and instructions are received he and his coadjutors will act according to their discretion. It is believed to be a new thing in history for a nation to *negotiate* foreign troops from its own territory in time of peace, but a short delay is better than the employment of forcible means which will precipitate the country into a war. But it would be a forbearance not a virtue for Congress to adjourn and leave our territory invaded, and we feel confident that Maine will not be thus deserted, and compelled to exert her physical strength unaided by the nation.

Time will prove whether great Britain has resolved to have a serious misunderstanding with this county for the purpose of a war. It is more than hypothetical that British statesmen if not the Ministry foresee the necessity of making preparations to encounter Russia at no distant period: a power which is fast rivalling England and sufficienently jealous of her and confident enough in its own strength to be quite willing for a conflict. For want of actual service the navy of England has latterly lost much of its efficacy, her vessels have many of them decayed and many of their seamen have entered the employment of other countries. She may wish to repair the decays and losses of a long peace and to restore the wonted strength and tone of her navy. To this end, she may be anxious for a preliminary war with the U. States the better to prepare her for another war which it may be impossible to avoid. Or what is still more probable, the immediate prospect of a war may be the only means that will arouse the country and justify the measures deemed neccessary for its further welfare; and this country is the best one for the time to raise a war cry against. There may be more important causes operating to produce a rupture between the United States and England then Boundary lines, and we should be prepared to meet the crisis.

## WARLIKE!

Her Majesty's ship *Vestal* has arrived at Halifax, where we understand, other vessels of war are soon expected, for the purpose of bringing Troops and Munitions of War to this Province, in case they should be required.

We learn, also, that the 23d Fusileers, now in garrison at Halifax, instead of being about to proceed to the East Indies is the first Regiment for service in this Province, and has received orders to be ready to move at the shortest notice.

We are further informed, on good authority, that the erection of Barracks at Woodstock, in this Province, for the accommodation of a large military force, has been determined upon, and the work is to commence immediately.

These precautions, we presume, are taken in accordance with the views expressed in the Communication of the British Minister at Washington to the American Secretary of State, under date of the 26th January, which will be found in a preceding column. The contiqued persistance of Governor Fairfield in acts of aggression on the disputed territory, contrary to existing arrangements, (while the British authorities, as will appear by Mr. Fox's letter, have scrupulously adhered to them both in letter and spirit,) and the repeated threats of his determination to take possession of the territory, could not fail to arouse our authorities to a sense of their duty, and no doubt caused the present warlke demonstrations. We sincerely trust, however, that the United States Government will perceive the difficulties into which the refractory Governor of Maine is about plunging the two nations, and at once interpose to prevent the awful calamities of either a border or a general war.—*St. Johns Courier.*

FREDERICTON, Feb. 12.

The House passed a bill on Monday continuing the law passed last year, authorizing the Lieutenant Governor with the advice of his Council, to embody a force of 1200 men, to march out of the Province if required in case of emergency. It met with some opposition, on the ground that no necessity existed for the law passed originally, and that certainly none exists now.—It was passed, however, by a large majority.

From the Democratic Republican.

## THE MILITIA AND THE SYSTEM.

We think few will be found at this day, to deny the necessity of a thorough re-organization of the Militia. While, in numerical strength, it far exceeds any demands that are likely to be made upon it, in efficiency, so far as it has been tested, it falls short of the mark. The design of a militia system, so far as we understand it, is to give a male population of a State, such a knowledge of the art of war, as will render them competent to repel invasion from without, and to quell tumult within. Has this object been accomplished? We say, it has not. Law upon law has been framed, and plan upon plan has been adopted, yet no actual good has been effected. The militia have, instead of advancing, deteriorated. The fault lies not, as we have before observed, in the militia itself, but in the code which governs it. And what is wanting, is thorough revision and re-organization.

The evils existent in our present system are too obvious to require a detailed enumeration of them. We shall however, briefly allude to some of them believing that the subject, from the peculiar aspect of the N. E. Boundary affair, is about to become one of the first importance.

1. The burthens of militia duty bear unequally upon the people.

2. The present system gives no stimulus to military pride and ambition.

3. The organization of the militia is very defective, both as regards the different staff departments, and the line.

4. The necessary *material* for transportion, &c. are wanting.

That the burthens of the present system fall unequally upon the people, is no matter of cavil. The poor man, dependant upon his daily labor for support, for himself, and perhaps for a family, is obliged to go the expense of furnishing himself with arms, and equipments, which he cannot afford. He is obliged to leave his daily avocations, not only without remuneration, but an actual expense, besides the loss of time. The young man, who may have arrived at the age of 18, relying upon a salary, which is barely sufficient for his maintenance, falls under this *conscription* system, as we choose to term it, at a great disadvantage, to himself, and perhaps to an employer. In case of a non-fulfilment of the requirements of the law, he is obliged to pay heavy fines, which are, to the classes we have mentioned, equally onerous. This is right enough, so far as regards the penalties, but we should like to see inducements held out as well as threatenings. The military code should embrace a system of *rewards*, as well as of punishments, whereas, it is almost entirely composed of the latter. As we are now speaking of the present system solely, the remedy for the evils will more properly be spoken of elsewhere.

As to the present system offering no stimulus to military pride and ambition, it is almost sufficient to say, that the discouragements and expenses incident to holding a commission in the militia are enough to stifle all the military ardor a man may have within him. Few can be found to accept an office in the militia, and the most of those who do, retire from it as soon as possible. Where the laws of the State, which, though intended to encourage the officer and soldier, actually operate as drawbacks, it is not surprising that these things are so. The whole import and tenor of the laws seen to be, to coerce men to do military duty, instead of giving encouragement and holding forth inducements to perform it.—

The staff departments are very defective as is obvious. In the organization of companies, too little regard is had to having a full and efficient number of privates. It does not look well to see some dozen or twenty privates, with a dozen commissioned and non-commissioned officers, a standard, and a band of music. And the case so extends upwards, in the organization of regiments. Some regiments parade with some four or five companies, of about thirty men each, thus giving a Colonel, and a host of other officers, to what ought to comprise but two good companies, or less. It is the shadow, without the substance, of efficiency.

We have thus crudely alluded to some of the existing defects in our militia system, and shall further pursue the subject at our leisure.

From the Eastern Argus.

## THE ASSUMPTION SCHEME.

This Scheme, as we have said in a previous article, came from England, and had its birth in the Counting house of the Barings. The principle, however, upon which it is based, is no new thing—it has been before the American people for a long time—and the Barings have only extended it and built upon it. As early as 1832 Mr. Clay announced it substantially in his celebrated "Distribution Bill," by which the proceeds of the public lands were to be given to the several States, to be used among other things, "*for the reimbursment of any debt contracted for Internal Improvements.*" Here, in this clause, is contained the whole idea of Assumption—Assumption to a certain extent only, to be sure, but still involving the same dangerous doctrine which is the germ and foundation of the late project of the Barings.

Mr. Clay's distribution bill has been vigorously pressed upon Congress every year since 1832, and the States have been thus in effect taught by him and his friends, to regard the National Treasury as the great source to which they must eventually look for the means of discharging any debts "contracted for Internal Improvements." How far this perilous idea has contributed to swell the tide of extravagance into which many of the States have rushed, it is difficult to say.—It is easy to see, however, that its *tendency* has always been to make the States less provident than they otherwise would have been, to make their credit better in the stock market, and thus to increase the amount of their indebtedness.

Nothing can be more dangerous than to accustom men or States to look beyond their own resources, for support against the consequences of their own importance. He who is sure of relief when his extravagant conduct immerses him in trouble, will not be likely to guard himself with much anxiety within the safe boundaries of economy. And if this Assumption scheme succeeds, it will be nothing else than a bounty upon State Extravagance. It will be saying to the *indebted States*—'go on as you have begun; throw prudence to the winds; embark in every idle enterprise which offers itself, and squander your means at pleasure—have no fear for the result, for the General Government will pay all your debts, and set you on your legs once more to run anew the race of extravagance. If *you* are poor, your sister states are some of them rich, and they must take care of you.' It will be saying to the *unindebted* States—'you have economised for naught—you have saved *your* means only to bestow them upon others who have been prodigal of *theirs*—as well might you have been extravagant, like your neighbors, for you have to suffer the consequences of the extravagance.'

If, therefore, the sufferings of some of the States should ever induce Congress to adopt the Assumption policy, no limit could be set to the corruption and extravagance which would ensue. It has been truly said, too, that no plan could be devised better fitted to humble and degrade the States, and bring them to the footstool of Federal power, than to thus accustom them to petition that power for money to supply their wants

☞ It has been said, with no little force, that the present vast indebtedness of many of the States, is the result of a concerted plan of action among the Federal leaders. Prevented from getting the National Government by the firmness of Gen. Jackson and the people who supported him, they grasped, it is said, at the State Governments, with an intent to execute their designs thro' *them*; and as the best method of insuring success they pressed down their victims with an enormous burden of crushing indebtedness.—Whether this accusation be true or not, it is very certain that the whole history of the opposition, for the last few years, goes to justify it. In nearly every instance where they have had control, they have seduced the States into wild speculations, which have been followed by embarrassments and enormous debts. Pennsylvania under Ritner, Indiana under Noble, and Illinois under Duncan, furnish striking illustrations of this fact.

And now, it being supposed, perhaps, that the States are rendered by their sufferings sufficiently submissive, the Assumption scheme is proposed—the germ of another National debt and another U. S. Bank!

The great engine of Horace Walpole, the whig exemplar, was *corruption.* Hamilton followed in his footsteps; and the Bank party of the present time have ever tried to coerce by *suffering*, the people when they could not *cheat* into subserviency. Is it fair, then, to consider the indebted condition of many of the States the result of Federal management?—*Eastern Argus.*

An active member of the whig party in this town, and something of a wag withal, says since the nomination of Harrison he has not been able to read ten lines in a whig paper without stopping to wipe the tears from his eyes; occasioned by the reflection that such a *giant* of a man as Mr. Harrison should have been suffered to remain in the shade until this time; it never having been found out what a *prodigy* we have among us until after his nomination. He says it is another evidence that republics are ungrateful and ought to be abandoned.—*Belfast (Rep.) Journal.*

It is remarkable how natural it is for the Federal whig party to sympathize and take sides with a public enemy. During the last war with Great Britain they took sides with that power—now on the same principle they take sides with the savage Seminoles of Florida, whose inhuman butcheries of American citizens they hate to see avenged.—*New Era.*

The Boston Post intimates that when General Harrison is President, John Holmes is to be made "Inspector General of liquor"

From the Eastern Argus.

## COLLAR MEN.

The whigs are your true *collar men*—none more so. They are transferred from one leader to another, as easily as a bale of cotton passes from one owner to another. At one moment they shout hosannas to Clay—the next, sing peæns of glory to Scott—and then all throw up their caps for Harrison, and raise their everchanging voices to the notes of "long live old Tip!" It is curious to see how the very same men who, four years ago openly shouted Gen. Harrison as imbecile and weak, now talk about his high talents and statesmanlike ability! We could point numbers among the leading whigs in Portland, who have thus changed their minds since 1836. Meanwhile, what has Gen. Harrison done to raise his reputation? Nothing—nothing at all. The change is only to be accounted for by the slavish regard which the opposition entertain for their *party.*

One of the best illustrations of whig subserviency which we recollect, was given at the election of the present Speaker of the House in Washington. The opposition all went for Hunter. They pretended to be violent opponents of the Independent Treasury, yet went for a Sub-Treasurery candidate. They pretended, many of them, to be inclined to Abolition, yet went for a slaveholder. They pretend to be strong Unionists, yet went for an advocate of State rights.—They did this, too, wholly for party objects—reckless entirely of principle. Many of them did it, we know, with "hatefulest disrelish." We remember to have heard several of them declare before the last ballot, that *they would not do it.*—"I had rather," said one of them, "have Jones than Hunter. They are both obnoxious on the score of principle, but Jones would make the best Speaker." And yet these men swallowed their own opinions, and voted for Hunter. Some four or five of them had the boldness enough to refuse the sacrifice when their names were called; but before the result was announced, *party interests* prevailed, and they all *changed their votes* and thus secured Hunter's election. So fast are they bound by the shackles of party!

Another illustration may be mentioned. When the *viva voce* question was before the House of Representatives, in Dec. last, Mr. Proffit, of Ia., defining his position on the subject, said, he was personally in favor of voting *viva voce*—he thought that the most republican mode—but, said he, if my party can gain any thing by it, I'll go for the secret ballot!

We mention these things because the opposition frequently have the insolence to accuse the Democracy of being 'nose-led,' and wearing "party collars," when in truth they themselves bow the knee before the altar of party more subserviently than any association which the country has ever seen.

"There is one thing the national government cannot do, with all its powers. It cannot break down the industry and the inventive faculties of the people of New England, nor can it materially diminish the great and productive sources of their great wealth."—*Boston Atlas.*

We are glad the opposition have found some limit to the power of Government. They have been accustomed heretofore to make it responsible for every evil under the sun—positive as well as negative. They have seemed to consider it able, not only to produce all blessings, but to prevent all misfortunes, and Pres. Van Buren, for suggesting that there were some things beyond its legitimate sphere, they have denounced as the most cold hearted monster on earth. The Atlas is undoubtedly right, however, at last, and we trust it will continue so, for we esteem it important in the highest degree, that people should learn to depend for success more upon their own honest efforts, than upon the aid of Government. The "let alone" system is infinitely better than any system of special privileges and protective tariffs, and the spirit of private speculation and extravagence is far more to be dreaded, than any public measure which is likely to be adopted by Government.—Eastern Argus.

MR. RICHARD BIDDLE AND ECONOMY.—Mr. *R. Biddle* is represented in the newspapers to have stated in Congress, a few dags ago—in opposing the the passage of the pension bill—that no economy had been practised by the Administration. He asserted it was all *profession*, and not even a *single clerk* had been discontinued.

The facts are, that the expenditures in 1839 were six millions less than in 1838; and those proposed in 1840 are still five millions lower than the expenses of 1839: and *nineteen clerks* have been discontinued in one bureau alone in the Treasury Department; and all this has been reported to Congress and printed during the present session.—*Bay State Democrat.*

An intercepted letter from a whig in Providence to a *quasi* whig, has been published in the Baltimore Republican, which discloses at once the fears of the whigs that Francis, the Democratic candidate will be chosen Governor of R. I. at the April election, and the means which the whigs intend to resort to, of averting such a catastrophe.

By this letter it appears, the whigs want $2500 from the whigs out of the State, to complete their purchases of votes, and secure their party ascendency.—*Bay State Democrat.*

TOAST FOR MR CLAY.—The Globe advises Mr Clay to give something like the following, from one of his old speeches, as a toast at Richmond, appropriate for him and his principles: "May our country be cursed with war, pestilence and famine, rather than a military chieftain for President."

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.—The Milledgville Journal in speaking of our Boundary Correspondence has the following query:

"By the way, shall Georgia, *under existing circumstances*, enlist to fight the battles of Maine? Were it possible to refuse to do so, and sustain the honor of the "American flag," our answer would be promptly NO. Not having the whole matter of controversy before us we pause ere we reply."

## THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

A correspondent of the St. Augustine Herald, in a letter from Tallahassee, describing the bloodhounds, thus concludes:

A few days since, as an experiment, a negro was sent a mile into the woods to climb a tree, and in an hour afterwards a dog was put upon trail; he followed it direct through all the windings of the bushes without faulting. The only question is, will they follow the trail of an Indian? If they will, they will be a great acquisition to the country; for as to fighting, I am satisfied they would grapple with any thing. The way two or three of them would rattle a dozen Indians off a scrub or a bay. *gall*, would be nobody's business. I can only add, that I am much pleased with the bloodhounds, and would like no better fun than taking a hunt with them.

Four keepers have come with them from Cuba. The elder, a very respectable sort of man, is, I believe, a runaway negro hunter by profession, and he has such confidence in his dogs, that he is ready to lead their way against Indians wherever ordered; there is nothing of the flincher in his appearance.

## THE AMISTAD NEGROES—CUBA BLOODHOUNDS.

Another Federal lie is going the rounds of the whig papers, headed—"*Martin Van Buren turned Slave Dealer.*" This lie is of the same character of that respecting the Cuba Bloodhounds. The object of the inventors of these lies is to excite the sympathy of old women in breeches, in favor of the Florida Indians and the Amistad Negroes; and their indignation against the Government, for the purpose of securing their votes for their man of *all sorts*; for the Presidency. From this time, till the close of the Presidential canvass, we may expect the *whig manufactures* to turn out weekly tales of *Ravheads and Bloody-bones*, to please the knaves and gull the fools of their party with. *Coffin Handbills, Kitchen Cabinets, Poor Indians, Poor Negroes,* and *Bloodhounds*, will be supplied *to order* from the teeming whig leaders, to suit customers. But all will be in *vain.* Harrison and his forces, with the aid of all the *Ravheads and Bloody-bones*, they can muster, will be overthrown; and swept away with the besom of truth and facts. Neither the *Ravheads* of the Amistad Negroes, nor the yelping of the Cuba *Bloodhounds* can save them.—Nobody, who has sense enough "to keep out of fire and water," and go to the polls and vote, believes such silly "old wives' fables."—*Lowell Patriot.*

BLOODHOUNDS.—The following letter has been communicated to Congress by the Secretary of War—it shews clearly the use for which the dogs are to be used in Florida.

WAR DEPATMENT,
January 26, 1840.

*Sir*:—It is understood by the Department although not officially informed of the fact, that the authorities of the Territory of Florida have imported a pack of Bloodhounds from the Island of cuba; and I think it proper to direct, in the event of those dogs being employed by any officer or officers under your command, that their use be confined, altogether, to tracking the Indians; and in order to ensure this, and to prevent the possibility of their injuring any person whatever, that they may be muzzled when in the field, and held with a leash while following the track of the enemy.

Very respectfully, your most ob't serv't,
J. R. POINSETT.

Brig. Gen. Z. TAYLOR,
Commanding Army of the South, Florida.

THE BLOODHOUNDS.—An officer arrived at Washington on Friday night, and brought the gratifying intelligence that the hounds had surprised an encampment, not many miles distant from St. Augustine, of fifty insurgent negroes, every one of whom was taken without the loss of life, or shedding of a drop of blood! I met an old whig this morning, and stated to him the fact. "It is as I expected," said he—"precisely as I expected. Do you know that Mr. Clay, more than three years ago, suggested the employment of Blood hounds to Mr. Secretary Poinsett?"—*Corres. of the N.Y. Post.*

## UNITED STATES BANK.

The Harrisburg Reporter, of Friday says—"We publish the statement of this institution for January 2d, 1840. If our readers may happen to understand it, they will do more than we profess to be able to. The only plain thing about it is—that *seven paper dollars* are in circulation to one *real* one in its vaults."

MYSTERIOUS.—One of the carriers of this paper, named A. W. Burnett, was suddenly missed on his accustomed route on the 3d of January last, and the sub cribers he had been in the habit of serving gave us notice that they did not receive their papers. Another man was put on the route, and the circumstance was forgotten, when about a fortnight ago the father of the young man called at our office and informed us that he had not seen his son since the 2d of January. He said he had made diligent inquiry after him, and that the last place to which he could trace him was a porter celler in Duane street, which he had been seen to leave on the evening of the 2d ult. followed by two negroes. He had, it is believed, some money with him, as he had been collecting New Year's presents on the preceding day.

From that time nothing was known respecting his fate, until yesterday, when his body was found in the East river, near Peck slip, by some boatmen who were grappling for some lost articles, and accidentally caught in their irons. No money was found in the pockets of the deceased. He was a sober, industrious young man, and no reason exists for believing that he committed suicide.—*N. Y. Times.*

"I have made a decided impression," as the man said when he fell in the mud.

D STATES ARMY.

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# OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MARCH 3, 1840.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Feb. 25, 1840.

MR. EDITOR—I begin to be more contented with my situation, as a lobby member,—a "looker on in Venice" than I was during the few first weeks of the session, for we now have speeches in abundance, both in the House and Senate,—spiced up with *varieties* which cannot fail to suit the taste of almost every one. The dull monotony, and ceremonious routine of business, which was witnessed in both branches, for a considerable period of time after the commencement of the session is now lost in the general excitement to press along the business of the session, and make up the issues upon all of the more important subjects, now before the Legislature.

It is admitted upon all hands, that a session of equal importance has never passed thus far away, with less time consumed in *speech making*, than the present one, and it is always to be expected that questions of importance, affecting as all do, in a greater or less degree the interests of the people, will call forth more or less debate.

A Bill to incorporate the "Seboomok sluice-way company," taking the waters of the Penobscot River at certain seasons of the year, and uniting them with the waters of the Kennebeck, came up a few days ago in the Senate, and *tall* speeches were made by Mr. Blake of Penobscot against, and by Mr Vose of Kennebeck in favor of the bill. These two gentlemen done their best, and both show themselves to be powerfull, strong debaters. Mr Blake is a smoth, easy and graceful speaker, always sending forth his ideas clothed in chaste, and beautiful language, at times is realy eloquent. Mr Vose is a strong, nervous speaker entering at times life and soul into the subject he is advocating, and is decidedly the best speaker among the Whig Members of the Senate.

While I am in this branch of the Government I will just notice one or two other members of that body — There is Mr. Robinson from Hancock (a Whig) who is a curious genius—full of myrth and fun and whenever he speaks, some of the board are sure to have to *take it*, he deals in wit and sarcasm and frequently gets the whole board shaking their sides with laughter.

Mr Eastman of Cumberland is decidedly one of the most valuable members at the Senate Board. He is *always* at work early and late, and whenever he speaks is listened to with attention. His remarks are always characterised by good common sense, and when he gets *done* always sits down. The interest of the State are always safe in the hands of such men as Philip Eastman Another valuable member in this department is Davis Hammons of Oxford County. Altho' unacquainted with Legislation, he takes hold of the business, entrusted to his care, with a tact and energy seldom found in older, and more experienced men. He never speaks except when he has some thing to say, and then it is always to the point in question. His remarks are always logical and clear, wishing to convince, rather than make display. There are many other good and efficent men in the Senate which are deserving of a passing notice and at some future time, I will give you a sketch of the appearance, character, &c of some of them.

The most interesting and exciting scenes being generally confined to the House your correspondent generally hails from that quarter, but for the future, he will "stick his nose" into the higher body occasionally and give your readers a few outlines of their sage and sedate doings.

The question of an extra Session is again in *agitation* and the Senate say they will refer the Revised Laws to the *next* Legislature unless the House will come to *their* terms Rather than let them *go over*, I believe the House will finally consent to this course, otherwise they will stick to their former vote, and immediately go to work on the Revised Laws. They have once *agreed to disagree*, but unless this vexed question is soon settled they will agree to take it out in fighting. Lookers on will say it will be a "skunk and owl fight." They wont care which gets "*licked*." But they must look out or the *people* will give them *both* a thrashing.

Yours, most graciously,

DIDO.

AUGUSTA, Feb. 28, 1840.

FRIEND MILLETT,—The ship of State is still moving on. The business of the Legislature is fast coming to a close. All seem to think about home. Some of the members have already taken leave of absence for the remainder of the Session. Others are uneasy and wish to be off. It is impossible to tell the time the Legislature will rise, probably in two or three weeks. Yesterday the Senate sent down a proposition to the lower Branch for an Adjourned Session, and the yeas and nays having been ordered was decided in the affirmative, yeas 90—nays 86. Therefore you will perceive we are to have an extra Session. The object of the extra Session is to consider and revise the doings of the Commissioners appointed to Revise the Laws of Maine, and to devote themselves wholly and soley to that object. The object is indeed a momentous one, and in the issue are involved the life, liberty, and happiness of all of the five hundred thousand inhabitants of this State. Give the people a right understanding in this matter, and they are not the people to be parsimonious, so far as to defeat the great and manifold good results of a patient, thorough and critical revision of the Laws. Where is the man who has not witnessed the confusion and conflict in our Statutes. To remedy these great and growing evils, requires the wisdom of the whole State. The Legislature fears the weight of responsibility, but be it said to their honor, desires not to share it. But, I leave this particular subject, and return to those more general.

The amount of business accomplished this Session will well compare with any former Session. The private and local business are unparalleled. The Aroostook expedition furnished no small amount of claims and consequently legislation. To be sure the attention of the Legislature has not been occupied in chartering Banks and other corporations, nor in examining the splendid schemes and airy notions of splendid *gamblers*; but has been confined more than generally to its legitimate object. From this fact, the impression has gone abroad that the Legislature is doing nothing. A mistaken notion.

An amusing debate occurred in the House a few days since on a "Resolve for furnishing arms to the Militia." The gentleman from Eastport, the man *what* made the constitutional-potatoe-barrel speech, rose in his place, and with his usual self-competent and all-weighty address, began to speak, having forgotten, as I should judge, the "small-potatoe" speech, and harrangued the House into the *Lobbies*. Mr. Perry, of Oxford, who was a member of the Committee that reported the Resolve, followed, and it was decidedly his happiest effort. In his sarcastic, unique style, he poured in upon the gentleman from Eastport a sally of wit and satire I have not before witnessed this winter. "Finally," said Mr. Perry in concluding his remarks, "I do not see any note of my arguments (looking at his minutes at the same time) worthy the serious attention of a Military man, therefore I will set down."

A petition of John Hastings and others for the removal of the County Buildings in your County was presented and referred to the Oxford Delegation.

Bill—an Act reducing and establishing the Salaries of certain officers, was reported to-day by Mr. Tobin of Hartford, from the Committee on Retrenchment of Salaries. I believe it dont touch Oxford at all. I reckon they had better not meddle with the bears if they dont want to see *ivory*.

Yours, &c.

JONATHAN.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Feb. 23, 1840.

MR. EDITOR:—A debate took place in the House Saturday last, upon a Resolve recommending to the notice of the President of the United States, Nutting's new patent Rifle, and ordering a certain quantity of the appropriations yearly made the State by Congress to be expended in these, after they shall have been approved by the War Department at Washington.

Mr. Chadborn of Eastport opposed the Resolve and was replied to by Mr. Perry of Oxford in a *way* and *manner* that essentialy *used him up*. The Resolve passed by a vote of about four to one. This shows the influence of the gentleman of "*potatoe barrel*," memory.—Wednesday last a Bill to incorporate a Sacred Music Society in Saco, came up for consideration, and strange as it may seem, was opposed by Messrs Cary of Houlton, Andrews of Turner, Eastman of Wesley and others.—These gentlemen must be destitute of *harmony*, and have no "music in their souls," to raise opposition to a Bill so harmless and inoffensive in all its bearings and operations.

They were replied to by Messrs. Tucker of Saco, Perry of Oxford, Chadborn of Eastport and Paine of Sanford and a majority of the House having such a *holy horror* at the *name* of a corporation voted to indefinately postpone the Bill.

"Music has charms to sooth a savage,
To rend a rock and split a cabbage,"

but it has no *charms* in the House of Representatives; many of its members discover nothing beautiful, or enchanting in the sweet "harmony of sounds," but turn a leaf ear to the prayers of the votaries of music. A Bill reported by the Committee on Literature and Literary Institutions, appointing a Commissioner to travel & collect facts, disseminate information among the people, for the benefit of common Schools &c. was taken up and supported by remarks from Perry of Oxford and Fisher of Charlotte and opposed by Mr. Otis of Hallowell, it was then on motion of Mr. Paine of Sanford laid on the table. This is a Bill in which the friends of Common School Education feel a peculiar interest, and well meet from such a warm and powerful support. But we have but small hopes of its passing to become a Law. The unfounded prejudices of many members are brought in array against it, and a determination seems to exist among many to vote it down right or wrong.

Yesterday the House settled the question of an adjourned Session, by voting in favor of one, by four majority. I hope this everlasting question is now finally settled.

To day the Bill to promote the sale and settlement of the Public Lands was taken up and discussed and laid on the table till to-morrow. All seem desirous to get through and go home. *More anon.*

The following is a list of Officers for this Town for the current year, choosen at the annual March meeting.

Eleazer C. Shaw, Town Clerk.
Asaph Kittredge, Phineas Stearns, Joseph H. King, } Selectmen, Assessors, and Overseers of the Poor.
Alanson Mellen, Town Treasurer.
John Dennett, Town Agent.
Caleb B. Davis, James Russ, Joseph G. Cole, } Superintending School Committee.

## SPIRIT OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

The following is one of the Resolutions adopted by a Convention of the Democrats of Franklin County in the Green Mountain State, on the 11th ult. It breathes forth the spirit of the days of Ethan Allen.

*Resolved*, That we approve of the conduct of the authorities of the State of Maine and the General Government in relation to the North Eastern Boundary, and if war will come, when asking nothing but what is clearly right, or submitting to nothing wrong—then let it come, and our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors stand pledged to the contest.

## Congressional Proceedings.

THURSDAY, Feb. 20th.

Mr Wright presented a petition from numerous citizens of New York, praying for the passage of a uniform bankrupt law. He also reported from the Committee on Finance, the bill from the House of Representatives, making an appropriation for the payment of revolutionary and other pensions, with amendments. This bill was ordered to be read a third time and passed.

The Assumption Question was taken up, and Mr Sevier, of Arkansas, made an able speech in opposition to the scheme. A motion to postpone indefinitely the whole subject was negatived—yeas 15, noes 29.

*House of Representatives.*—Mr Graves of Kentucky, moved a suspension of the rules to enable him to offer a resolution directing the Committee on the expenditures of the Post Office department, to make certain inquiries relative to the official conduct of the P. M. General.

Mr Graves, it seems, in a late speech, took occasion to accuse the P. M. General of official dereliction, in allowing one of his Clerks to go to Kentucky to establish an administration paper while he still retained his office. After making his speech, he wrote to Mr Kendall to know if his accusation was correct—promising, if it was not, to set it right in his *printed* speech. To this letter Mr Kendall replied in the following indignant manner:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31, 1840.

Hon. W. J. Graves, H. R., *Present*:

Sir—I received this morning your letter of yesterday, alluding to certain remarks affecting my official conduct, made by you in the House on the preceding day.

In that letter you say—"I propose to write out and publish my remarks; but, before I do so, I have thought it but just to you to afford you an opportunity to answer whether all or any portion of my information be correct, so that if injustice has been done you, I may set the matter right in my written remarks."

You then inform me that you had reference to the case of E. W. Robinson, Esq., supposed to be a clerk in the Post Office Department, who, it is said, is about to commence the publication of a newspaper at Frankfort, Kentucky, and you put to me several specific interrogatories touching those matters, to which you request my reply, with as little delay as my engagements will allow.

Now, sir, although I do not question the right of a member of Congress to become the retailer on the floor of the House of the false and malignant gossip which taints the atmosphere of this city, I do deny his right to call on the party so slandered to aid him in escaping the responsibility of reducing such slanders to libels in a written speech.

I very much regret that this idea of doing justice to me did not occur before you made your attack in the House. You admit it to be "just" that I shall have an opportunity to make the truth known before your speech be written. Was it less "just" that such an opportunity should be afforded me before it was spoken? If, before holding me up as a delinquent in duty by remarks publicly uttered, to be noted by reporters, and scattered by letter-writers over the whole Union, on no better authority than the second-hand "information of a very respectable gentleman,' you had done me the justice to inquire into their truth, I could have had no objection to putting you in possession of all the facts of the case within my knowlekge. As it is, I deem that justice to myself will be best promoted by declining to aid you in making up for the public a speech different from that you uttered on the floor of the House

AMOS KENDALL.

Mr Graves, thereupon, moved on Thursday last, that that the whole subject be referred to the P. O. Committee.

The Speaker said the motion could only be entertained by unanimous consent.

Mr Leadbetter wished to know if these resolutions would be open to amendment. If so, he wished them to lie over.

Mr Albert Smith rising and objecting.

Mr Graves moved a suspension of the rules, and asked the yeas and nays, which were ordered; and, being taken, were—yeas 118, nays 62.

So the rule was not suspended, (two-thirds not voting therefor.)

From the Eastern Argus.

AUGUSTA, Feb. 24.

I have been amusing myself for half an hour, with reading the signs, not of Zodiac, but in the Federal papers, which seem so greatly to cheer the hearts of the opposition, They are something like the old Lad's Ghost which was always "just goin'to appear." The poor self-deluded, canting and hypocritical Whigs, seek for a sign in the political firmament, but there shall no sign be given, till the sign of the September and November Election. "Why do you Whigs always crow so loud, before an eletion?" was the enquiry put to an opposition man, not long since. "Because we can never crow after an election," was the reply. The grace now extends to November, and till that time, brag is the order of the day in the federal camp—after which they will be silent about their defeat, and talk long and loud about what they mean to do in 1844—and so on—the series will be infinite—and produrable with the existence of man. A humorous friend says, these signs will not be in full flush, (i. e. that is red and lowering) here in the North, till the ice goes out of the river. They will commence with the first steamboat that starts East from Boston, and will go on till near the close of summer navigation.

There will be ballotings had in every chance collection on board of all our Steamboats, Stages and Hotels, bar-rooms, at all the horse races, and all the cock fights. These signs will all *shadow* forth one event, and will all point one way.—Harrison will be President, and Van Buren Ex-President, for the most of the coming summer.—The Whigs wll have at all times a large and decided majority in the number of 'travelled fools.' But these signs will all "fail in a dry time." On the days of the elections, the true people will be out. They content them at other times to remain on their farms, in their work-shops and stores, and at all times will be employed about their business. Nor will they by any means neglect the best interests of the country. These will be always uppermost in their thoughts. But they will not ballot to no purpose—they will not at every casual meeting of friends, trouble themselves to give false signs. They will be out in full numbers on the day of election, and will then make evident a sign at the poll, that shall pale the now hot flushed face of federalism. When their country needs their services—when the principles of Democracy are to be asserted & defended, then will the people be found ready with that mightiest weapon of freemen, THE BALLOT, in their hands. They do not assemble for a sham fight, but when need calls—when democracy summons her votaries to her standard, then will the true people rush to the ballot box, as our fathers rushed to the battle in revolutionary times.

Let not one democrat be deluded for a moment, by the deceptive signs of federalism. The election will prove them all vanity—these things must all first be, and the election will resolve and dissipate them into air—thin air. The federal prints ever since the inauguration of Andrew Jackson, have at periodical periods, teemed with these signs—a cursory examination of the files of any city, town or village print, devoted to the dissemination of federal principles, will show this. The years '32 '34, '36 and '38, stand out conspicuous for the appearance of federal signs and wonders—and this year, 1840, comes in by regular rotation. This year has but just begun. The signs have but just commenced, & federal optics are straining themselves through magnifying glasses, (which *glasses* always make them see double) to catch the next. Their penny catch phrases, are just now being coined anew, and receiving the latest stamp. They will not, however, pass current, or be taken for genuine. The fault is not, as the feds imagine *afterwards*, in the defective impression, but in the *false* metal. The true ore will circulate in bullion, and carries its worth, not but *in* itself. It will pass unquestioned, without a countersign—it dims not from outward reflection but from inward value. The false glitter cannot long deceive—it may be good in appearance, but light weight shows that it is unsubstantial, fleeting and mere vapor The king's seal, or Gov. Pennington's, will not give it currency with the people—and down it goes, to add another to the long catalogue of broken and bankrupt attempts upon popular credulity.

One has only to hear the catch phrases of federalism, to know that they are cheats, and are so intended by those who use them. There is in federalism a want of sincerity, a sort of hypocricy, to call it by no worse name—which only appears the more apparent, upon every attempt to conceal it.

A catch phrase to be effective, should mean something—but those even in the mouth of federalists, are mere nothings in themselves—they come *from* nothing again. The feds use them to hide and conceal the odious nature of their principles, from the people. They do indeed flatter themselves, that the thin gauze covering will be effectual—a little will again undeceive them. The veil need not be rent, for it hides nothing—it can be seen through at a glance. Democratic catch phrases, on the other hand, *are* expressions of democratic principles, and hence they are popular. They compress all into a nutshell, and embody much sound doctrine in a maxim. They are all truth in a sentence, and commend themselves to reception and the most scrupulous examination. They wear well, and grow bright and more bright, by constant use. SALATHIEL.

From the Correspondence of the Boston Statesman.

*Washington City, February 16, 1840.*

An attempt was made yesterday, to get up, at the old American Theatre, "a great Whig Convention" of the District of Columbia. At day break the drummers of the party were sent out to collect troops to make a return at ten o'clock, when the sun was over the foreground, at Mynheer Gosclick's, a very respectable German gentleman of the tap, who does business—not on the fifteen gallon principle—at the house next door to the theatre.

At half past three o'clock the marshals of the day reported that the whigs wouldn't come in unless they were "liquored." Orders were forthwith given "to liquor all round;" and then some forty or fifty men in buckram walked into court. The convention did not amount to any great shakes. It resolved unanimously, that the gratitude of the old Tippecanoe was due to the nose of John Holmes, of Maine, for scenting out Tipp, and giving him a "letter of *recommend*," which was published in the National Intelligencer of Friday.

On motion of Ichabod McDoodle, Esq. it was unanimously

*Resolved*, That as it is an ascertained fact that every thing aint all alike, and that there is as much difference in some folks as in any body else, it will be the duty of Gen. William H. Tipp, *when* he is elected to the high office to which he *does not* aspire, to appoint John Holmes, of Maine, to the high and responsible office of Inspector General of liquor.

*Resolved*, That although a nose is a nose, any way you can fix it, the nose of John Holmes, of Maine, is the reddest nose in the Union, and is a luminary and a shining light, and a monument of the lustre of whig principles.

*Resolved*, That in consideration of the arduous services of Richard Haughton, in the cause of the ten cent rebellion, and the cause of Tippecanoe and whig principles, that the secretary of this convention be directed to send to him, as a testimonial of our regard, four gallons of Doctor Moffat's Bitters.

*Resolved*, That this convention admire the alacrity with which Mr. Henry Clay directs his steps to the good old State of Virginia, for the purpose of adjusting the difficulties in that 'Sacred Empire;' and as a testimonial of of our regard for him, this convention do present to him six packs of Tom Crehore, to be used at bragg and cribbage by him, till he returns.

There were forty-two persons, all told, at the convention; and the next thing you will see, will be a flaming account of it in the Baltimore Patriot, and it will be pronounced another evidence of the popularity of old Tipp.

This convention was a fair sample of all the rest that are held in this country, to propitate the changes of Mr. Tipp.

Yours, &c E. G.

Both Houses of the Texan Congress have voted for the adoption of the Common Law of England, as the basis of the system of juris prudence to be reared in Texas. A British sloop of war had appeared off Velaseo, supposed to be the bearer of despatches from the British Government. The papers announce the election of General Felix Houston, as Major General of Texas. The state of business and trade in Texas remained without alteration since previous advices.

☞ The Gazette says it's *too bad* to reproach Gen. Harrison for not being a *great* man. We think so, too, for the General can't help it—he was born so. But is it too bad to reproach a man for *pretending to be* what he *is not*, or to ridicule his friends for making the false pretence for him—is there any thing wrong in *this*? We can hardly think so—and if the Whigs will persist in claiming merits for their candidate which they know he does'nt possess, they must expect to see their claim overthrown—if they make themselves ridiculous they must expect to be ridiculed.—*Eastern Argus.*

HONESTY.—The editor of the Boston Courier, Mr. Buckingham says:

"We profess to be one of the few Federalists that yet remain, proud of the name and prouder yet of the virtues and patriotism which the name implied."

A RETREAT!—The "Kent Bugle" has sounded a retreat! Gov. Kent has declined to be any longer a candidate for the gubernatorial chair—We do not blame him. It's hard business to run against John Fairfield, and the whigs are cruel to ask any body to do it.—*Argus.*

GREAT SHIP RACE.—The packet ship South America, Capt. D. G. Bailey, sailed on the 3d inst. for Liverpool, taking out an account of the doings of the Legislature of Pennsylvania in relation to compelling the banks of that State to resume specie payments. Immediately after the S. A. had sailed, the Governor of Pennsylvania issued his message in favor of granting the banks further time. This important document was sent out by the Philadelphia banks on the 7th inst. in the crack ship Rochester, Capt. Woodhouse with directions to Capt. W. to engage extra hands, and to beat the S. A. if possible. We understand that the banks of Philadelphia have contributed a fund of $1000 to be divided amongst the crew of the Rochester, if she arrives at Liverpool first.—*New York Chronicle.*

IMPORTANT QUESTION.—Mr Buckingham of the Boston Courier says of the foreign news, just received—"Judging from the papers we have seen, we presume that the main topic of excitement among the good people of England, was the question whether the young man whom the Queen was about to take into keeping as a lodger and boarder, be a catholic or a protestant."

*Liabilities of Officers of Steam Boats.*—We noticed, last week, the decision of the court in the case of the Steamboat McFarland against the owners of the Danube for $23,000, for running into and sinking the McFarland. Since that time, at the suit of Captain Strader owner of the McFarland, in the Superior Court, Judge Este presiding, a judgment was obtained against Hugh Dugan, the pilot of the Danube, who was at the wheel at the time of the collision—for the sum of $21,000—thus settling the question of the personal liability of a pilot, who earlessly, intentionally, or from fright or ignorance, suffers his boat to come in collision with another.—*Cincinnati Rep.*

DREADFUL EXPLOSION OF A SHIP.—A letter from Tunis, dated the 16th ult., contains the particulars of the explosion on board the barge Santissimo Christo, in the Goulette. Nothing could equal the scene of desolation and horror in the town of Goulette after this disaster.—There were 117 barrels of gunpowder in the vessel, and the commotion was so strong that all the houses were shaken—not a pane of glass left entire. The lustres and crystals of the Bey's palace were broken, and the Santisimo Christo was blown into atoms, heads frightfully disfigured, fragments of human bodies, pieces of flesh so mutilated, that it was impossible to discover to what part of the body they belonged; arms, legs, and hands lay scattered here and there on the shore. A poor wretch with broken limbs was the only victim who survived awhile the disaster; and to questions addressed to him respecting its cause he replied, in a faint and dying voice—"We were all on deck, and the boy had just gone down into the cabin with a light, when suddenly I felt myself uplifted into the air, and was shortly afterwards plunged into the water." He had scarcely finished these words when he expired.—*London Chronicle of Dec 20th.*

Every body has heard of Miller—not Joe, but the Prophet—who is now lecturing concerning the burning of this "circumlar globe," in 1843, The Boston Times relates the following good anecdote concerning him:

"Wanting money to get out the first edition of his book on the prophecies, Miller applied to Apollos Austin, Esq. of Orwell, Vt. (well known in those parts as a "great financier,") for a loan for that object. Mr. Austin offered to furnish him with the desired sum, provided he (Miller) would give Austin a deed of his farm in Hampton, N.Y. the place of his residence—to take effect in 1845 two years after the time which, according to Millers' calculation, this earth is is to be consumed by fire. Miller refused to strike any bargain of the kind. Whether he has, after all, doubts of the truth of his own theory, or whether he hopes that, on account of his being the *first inventor* of the great calamity, his farm will be spared amidst the general ruin and conflagration, are matters which we do not care in this place to express an opinion about.

## DIED.

In Sumner, 22d ult. Capt. John Barrett, aged about 55 years.

In this town, 26th ult. widow Lydia Tuell, aged 90 years.

In Augusta 25th ult. George Robinson, Esq. late Editor of the Augusta *Age*, in the 27th year of his age

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting JESSE MORGAN, an indented apprentice, bound to me by the Overseers of the Work House in Portland, on my account, as I shall not pay any debts of his contracting after this date, without my consent and without sufficient cause.
Paris, Feb 8, 1840.

WANTED—An Apprentice at the Edge Tool business, by the subscriber, at Gray Corner.
W. G. ORNE.
Gray, Feb. 17, 1840. 3w28

[*Concluded from the 1st Page.*]

me in the bewilderment of gratitude, astonishment, and only half disapated fright,—while the form of his still inanimate child was extended unaided, for the moment, by his side. It was indeed no time for delay. Every man knew we were pulling for life or death. The other boat was nearly a mile ahead, skimming swiftly along from the devoted ship. Far off on the moonlight horizon lay the schooner, with all her exquisite tracery reflected in the wave beneath, and seeming with her thin, taper, raking masts, like some ærial vessel floating half way between sea and sky. Down to the right was the burning ship, presenting a vast body of lurid fire, that roared along her sides, streamed out her ports, eddied spirally up the masts, and leaped in huge masses straight out into the sky. Now and then, as her guns became heated, they went off with a roar like thunder. Meantime, the dense smoke, gathering in a thick cloud above, hung like a pall over the consuming ship. For some instants the flames appeared to die in part away; but all at once a stream of intense fire, that almost blinded the eyes, leaped perpendicularly upward from her decks; the horizon, for miles around was illuminated with a light more vivid than that of the brightest noonday; a part of the foremast, lifted bodily out, shot like an arrow almos a cable-length on high; a concussion ensued that made the boat shiver like a reed, and rock a moment frightfully about; and then a stunning roar followed, shaking the firmanent to its centre, and sounding as if a thousand broadsides had been discharged at once. For a moment as the burning fragments sailed aloft, falling on every hand about, while the boat rolled wildly to and fro upon the agitated swell, we held our breaths in momentary expectation of death, and I involuntarily ejaculated,

'The Lord have mercy on us all!'

'Amen!' said the rescued father at my side.

But we were again almost miraculously preserved. The offing we had gained, though not sufficient to ensure safety, proved great enough to relieve us from inevitable destruction. Had any of the falling timbers, however struck us, we should have all gone down together. As it was, it was one of the narrowest escapes I ever made, and when I gave the command to the crew to give way again—for at that terrible explosion they had as one man paused—a gush of thankfulness and devotion went up from my heart to the great author of my being, who had thus preserved a second time my life. A sensation swept my bosom which no language can express. Those only who, like me, have been saved from almost certain death, can understand my feeling. It was a moment of thanksgiving to all.

The deafening uproar, however, recalled the senses of the fair girl at my side. But I will not describe her gratitude, and that of her parent to myself, whom they persisted in considering the preserver of their lives. Suffice it to say we were soon on board, the captain delicately resigned his own cabin to the strangers, and I then had leisure to learn some particulars concerning their history. They were easily told. Mr. Thornton, the father of Isabel was a wealthy West Indiaman, and was just returning from Great Britain, with his daughter, who had been there for several years obtaining her education. Before the Letter of Marque sailed, she had been fitted up for Mr. Thornton, in a style bordering on eastern luxury, with furniture intended principally for his mansionhouse in Jamaica.—But at this moment a message arrived soliciting my presence with Mr. Thornton. As I entered the cabin he frankly extended his hand, and presented me to his now blushing daughter,—for what woman, be she who she may, can stand unembarrassed in the presence of one to whom she fancies she owes her life? I have had many moments of pleasure, when Isabel Thornton, extending her delicate hand to me, with her sweetest smile uttered her thanks.—Sailors are proverabially frank, and there is nothing like companionship in danger to break down the formalities of society.

'You are scarcely a sailor's sister, Miss Thornton,' said I, 'or you would not pour out thanks for what is a matter of duty.'

'Mr. Danforth,' said a musical voice, while the owner colored again,—as if I had said any thing to cause it!—'we must not let your modesty blind us to your noble exertions—had it not been for your daring and courage, we had not been here now.'

'But how,' said I, to change the subject, 'did it happen, my dear Miss Thornton that you were in the cabin, when the rest had escaped.'

'In the general alarm we were forgotten, for we had been hurried to the hold during the conflict, and when the fire broke out were overlooked. We found our own way back, but only when the whole ship was in flames. We had but just reached the cabin through a forward door below, and believing the ship destroyed, had despaired of all escape, when you—you—appeared.'

'I had forgot till this moment we were foes,' said I gaily, determined to avoid the coming thanks.

'And we are your prisoners too,' archly said the smiling girl, as she held her father's and my hand between her own.

Many a sweet night afterward, did I stand with Isabel leaning on my arm, wrapt in the sunny dreams of youth, as we gazed together out upon the moonlight sea. But sailors, however romantic in fact are little given to expressing it to others. Perhaps it was that Isabel had few rivals, perhaps it was that I felt a deeper interest in her from the manner in which we first met, and perhaps it was that the heart of a young midshipman is of all hearts the most susceptible: but so it was before a fortnight had elapsed I never came on deck without looking to see if Isabel was there, and if the sea was at all rough I was the first one to offer my arm, or to hand her to a seat. I thought of her by day, and dreamed of her by night. Her father either did not notice this bye-play, or was wholly careless of its tendency. And so passed another fortnight, diversified only with one or two prizes, which we blew up after removing whatever was valuable.

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ALGIERS.—This African city is brought into notice at the present time, and a few words respecting it will not come amiss. It is about the same latitude with Norfolk, Va., and is about the same longitude with Paris. It lies in a beautiful bay which is about fifteen miles in circuit, and where there is a fine anchorage. The ground on which the city stands, rises from the shore with a pretty sudden ascent. The wall which surrounds Algiers is thirty feet high and twelve thick, and about a mile and a half in circuit. The houses are of brick or stone, with flat roofs; and the city is so closely built that one may pass from one part of it to another on the tops of the buildings. The French bombarded and took Algiers on the 5th of July, 1830. It has for ages been the abode of a mixed population, and a den of pirates. Many a time have these outlaws suffered severe chastisement, and brought to terms, as they were by our Decatur; but they seem not to brook restraint, and France will find it hard to keep them quiet.

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LOTS OF GRANDMOTHERS.—A correspodent of the New York Journal mentions a little girl in New Jersey, who can tell a story that is worth talking about. She has five grandmothers living. Her mother's mother her father's mother, her father's mother's mother, her father's mother's mother's mother, her father's father's mother.—And a short time since she lost her mother's father's mother, making six grandmothers; but she has five now living.

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As a general rule, early marriages are advisable. The man who becomes a good husband at thirty, would not have made a bad one at twenty-two—and the woman who at five and twenty is qualified to make an excellent wife, would not have been incapable of discharging the duties incumbent on a wedded life, at eighteen We have mingled a good deal with mankind in different parts of the world, and have long since come to the conclusion, that that community is the happiest of civilized life, where the men and woman marry at anearly age; and where there are fewest bachelors and old maids. If our readers are unwilling to rely on our simple opinion, unsupported by arguments or facts, we beg leave to refer them to the celebrated letter from Dr. Franklin to John Alleyne.

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He that, like the wife of Cæsar, is above suspicion,—he alone is the fittest, person to undertake the noble and often adventurous task of diverting the shafts of calumny from him who has been wounded without cause, has fallen without pity, and cannot stand without help. It is the possessor of unblemished character alone, who, on such an occasion, may dare to stand, like Moses, in the gap, and stop the plague of detraction, until truth and time, those slow and steadfast friends, shall come up, to vindicate the protected, and to dignify the protector. A good character, therefore, is carefully to be maintained for the sake of others, if possible, more than ourselves; it is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.

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Idleness is a canker that corrodes the mind, and makes it incapable of virtuous actions, whilst it introduces vicious thoughts and conversation.

Indolence and indecision of mind, though not in themselves vices, frequently prepare the way to much exquisite misery.

Be industrious in business, intrepid in dangers, vigorous in acting, prudent in concerting, and prompt in executing.

That time is partly lost, which could have been better employed.

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PROGRESS OF LIGHT.—In former times if one or two windows were closed, the whole world was darkened; but now it has more windows than can be darkened and even if the could remain, books would still remain to us as light-giving magnets.

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Those who bequeath unto themselves a pompous funeral, are at just so much expense to inform the world of something that had much better have been concealed;—namely, that their vanity has survived themselves.

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THE RIGHT KIND OF CHEATING.—Cheat the doctor by living temperate, cheat the lawyer, by keeping out of debt, and cheat the demagogue, of whatever party, by voting for honest men.

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If you believe a thing impossible, your despondency shall make it so, but he that perseveres shall overcome all difficulties.

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A man advertising that he had a cherry colored cat for exhibition, the people flocked to see his great curiosity. When he "let the cat out of the bag," it proved to be a black one. He desired they would not wonder, as there were *black* cherries as well as *green*.

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An Irish gentleman thus addressed an indolent servant who indulged himself in bed at a late hour in the morning: "*Fall* to *rising*, you spalpeen, *full* to *rising!!* Don't *stand* there *lying* in bed all day."

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"Mrs. Grimes, lend me your tub?" "Can't do it—all the hoops are off—it's full of suds—besides I never had one—besides I washes in a barrel."

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"EDICATION'S RIZ."—A precocious youth in a country town in Massachusetts, had arrived to the age of NINE years, when his father sent him to school. He stood beside the teacher, to repeat the letters of the alphabet. "What's that?" asked the master. "Harrow," vociferated the urchin; "No that's A." "A!" "Well what's the next?" "Ox-yoke." "No, that's B." "Taint B, either, it's an ox-yoke; crotch all hemlock! Gosh mighty! think I don't know." *Transcript.*

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A traveller from N. York, stopping at an inn down east, was asked how the business men in New York were getting along. "Oh," answered the traveler, "many of them have got upon their legs again." "How so—has trade become more brisk?" "No, no! I mean that many who formerly rode in their coaches, are, now obliged to learn to walk."

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## ON THE SMALL POX.

### *To the Citizens of Boston & State of Massachusetts.*

SMALL POX is a complaint more attendant on childhood than at any other time of life; the human species, however, is subject to it at any period of existence. The cause of this disease does really consist in a portion of the worst kind of humors having become mixed with the circulation of the Blood, either from contagion or otherwise. It is this humor which produces shiverings, fevers, lassitness, weariness, and pains all over the body, because the circulation is impeded, and its natural course disordered by the bad humors. This is the first period.

The Blood, in this case, as well as in all other appearance of disease, fights against these impurities, and carries them to the capillary vessels in order to cause an eruption and thus to throw out these humors. This is the second period.

The skin is covered with pustules (mattery pimples) in more or less quantity according to the previous healthy or unhealthy condition of the body. After these pimples come out, the fever subsides, and in about ten or twelve days dry off and fall into dust. This the third period.

The Small Pox is deadly or mild, according to the malignity of the contagion or the bad nature of the humors of the patient; if he was sickly before, and his humors in a corrupt state, he is infinitely more exposed to danger than if he had enjoyed perfect health before the attack; for, the blood being weighed down by the previous corrupt state of the humors, has not the power to resist the disease—and in this case the result must, therefore, be mortal, provided no preventive course has been employed; for the third period cannot take place in consequence of the blood not having the power to throw the humors out, so as to form pustules.

### The Preventive Course.

When the contagion has spread in the City or Country, the sooner every one commences purifying his body by purgation, the better; and should any of the above symptoms present themselves just take the **Brandreth Pills** every twelve hours, so as to produce powerful evacuations,—supposing that the fever arose not from the Small Pox, the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to health will be the same. At the second period, and while the fever continues, even if the variolous eruption takes place, the Pills must be continued so as to produce good evacuations daily.

The course will not only insure the life of the patient, but will also prevent any scars from being made, or any internal obstructions or settling of the humors. By this means the crisis takes its course, and whether the humors be slightly corrupted or strongly depraved, the life of the patient is equally free from danger. And in case of any new attack of pain, or any signs of accident from cold or otherwise, the purgation must be repeated in the interval of the drying of the pimples.

By thus evacuating the corrosive serosity of the humors which produce hole in the skin and cause such excessive itching, the eruption will leave no marks upon the skin, and the patient cured by this practice will not be exposed to the different inconveniences which are so often the consequences of this disease.

If the principle of purgation were but well understood no one would be afraid of the Small Pox any more than of a common cold. There would be no inoculation or vaccination either,—people would be too wise then, they would know that all the disorders would be removed EFFECTUALLY and without danger by simply evacuating the bowels and thus purifying the blood until the disease was cured. Three or four days of this practice, how many weeks, months, nay, perhaps years, of sickness might it not prevent! Fathers and mothers of families, reflect, it is only your duty to yourselves and your dear children to reflect upon these things and be advised in time. Should vaccination be decided upon, let the body be put in a healthy state previously, by the use of the Pills. But for my part I do not think much is gained by vaccination,—however, let the advice above be taken, and no danger can result from it or inoculation or the genuine Small Pox. All will be well if Purgation be resorted to so as to produce a regeneration of the humors.

Your obedient servant,
B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

N. B. Be careful and never purchase Pills of a Druggist professing to be Brandreth's Pills, under NO CIRCUMSTANCES is any one of this class made an Agent. My own established agents have INVARIABLY an ENGRAVED Certificate, signed "B. Brandreth, M. D." in my own hand writing.

This certificate is renewed yearly, and when ever twelve months old it no longer guarantees the genuineness of the medicine. It would be well, therefore, for purchasers to carefully examine the Certificate. The seal is not wax, but embossed based on the paper with a steel seal.

If the genuine medicine is obtained there is no doubt of its giving perfect satisfaction, and if all who want it are careful to go by the above directions there is but little danger but they will obtain it.

Sub Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies from the New England Office

19 HANOVER STREET 19

THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

*Or of MR JOHN O. LANGLEY,*

Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furnished with the Genuine Pills. *Buy of them and avoid deception.*

*Paris*—CROCKER & SHAW.
*So. Paris*—A. Hall, Jr.
*Buckfield*—A. F. Cole.
*Rumford*—Otis C. Bolster.
" Asa Graham.
*Dixfield*—I. N. & C. Stanley,
*Jay*—Joel Paine.
*Bethel*—J. K. Kimball.
*Livermore*—Britton & Morrison.
" J. Coolidge.
*N.* " Kimball & Walker.
*Woodstock*—Welcome Kinsley.
*Hartford*—Hall & Haines.
*Greenwood*—Welcome Kinsley.
*Albany*—Lovejoy & French.
*Turner*—Philo Clark.
*Norway*—Jothsm Goodnow.
*Lovell*—James Walker.
*Waterford*—Noyes & Noble.
*S.* " R. H. Gerry.
*Sweden*—Benjamin Nevers.
*Fryeburg*—H. C. Buswell.
*Porter*—John Higgins.
*Hiram*—Jno h Butterfield.
*Canton Mills*—J. M. Deshon.
*Oxford*—Charles Durell.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, N. Y.
*Sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.*
epo1y27

## J. T. CLARK,

SADDLE, HARNESS, AND TRUNK MAKER,

HAS taken the stand formerly occupied by N. M. MARBLE, where will will be found a good assortment of Harness work, which he will sell cheap for Cash or Country Produce.

500 bushels of OATS wanted in exchange for the above, for which the highest price will be paid.

Paris, Dec. 10, 1839. tf 17

## MAINE BOTANIC INFIRMARY,

**WESTBROOK, MAINE.**

### GEORGE BAILEY

WOULD inform the friends of the THOMSONIAN SYSTEM of Medicine, and all others who prefer the health restoring remedies used in this practice, to the life depleting minerals of the old, that he continues to receive patients at his

## INFIRMARY,

where every exertion, for the promotion of their health and comfort, will be made by himself personally, and by his assistants. Diseases of all kinds (except contagious, none of which are admitted) are treated with unsurpassed success

☞ *Patients given up by the Faculty, as incurable, would be preferred.*

A full assortment of THOMSONIAN MEDICINES, in crude and prepared states, and of the best qualities, constantly on hand.

*** TERMS—Three dollars for a Course of Medicine, with or without Vapor Baths; three dolsars per week for Board

Maine Botanic Infirmary, }
Westbrook, February 10, 1840. } 3m27

## GUARDIAN'S SALE.

WILL be sold at public or private sale, pursuant to a license from the Probate Court, for the county of Oxford, on Saturday, the fourteenth day of March next, at one o'clock, P. M. at the store of the subscriber in Fryeburg, certain real estate, consisting of three lots of land, situated near William Haley's, in said Fryeburg. Said real estate being property of Helen M. Osgood, and Horato Osgood, minors of Henry Y. B. Osgood, late of Fryeburg, deceased.

For terms of sale, and particulars of description, apply to HENRY C. BUSWELL, Guardian.

Fryeburg, Feb. 17, 1840. 3w27


### COLLECTOR'S NOTICE---*Roxbury.*

NOTICE is hereby given to non-residents, proprietors, and owners of lots of land in Roxbury, in the county of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed for the year 1838, for County and town taxes, in the Bills committed to me, the subscriber, to collect, viz:

| | |
|---|---|
| Lot No. 5, 8th Range, of 100 acres, | 65 |
| Lot No. 1, 9th Range, of 10 acres, | 13 |
| Lot No 2, 10th Range, of 100 acres, | 98 |
| Deficient Highway tax for 1838, on the above, | 2 98 |

All three of the above lots belonging to Darius Mitchel, of Mexico, in said County.

| | |
|---|---|
| Also, Lot No. 11, 1st Range, of 100 acres, | 39 |
| Deficiency Highway for 1838, | 81 |

The last mentioned lot belonging to Joseph Pierce, of Rumford, in said County.

And unless said taxes, and all necessary intervening charges, are paid, on or before the fifteenth day of June next, so much of said land will be sold at Public Auction on said fifteenth day of June, at ten o'clock, A. M. at the house of John Reed, Esq in said Roxbury, as will satisfy said taxes and charges.

ABRAHAM REED, Jr., } Collector of
Roxbury, Feb. 8, 1840. } Roxbury. 3w27

At a Court of Probate holden at Fryeburg within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty first day of January in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

DANIEL BEAN, Administrator of the estate of James Steele, late of Brownfield, in said county, deceased, having presented his third account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

*Ordered*,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Fryeburg, in said county, on the fourth day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed—

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w27 Copy. Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

### COLLECTOR'S NOTICE--*Waterford.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non resident proprietors and owners of land in Waterford, in the county of Oxford, that the same are taxed for A. D. 1838, for County and Town Taxes—School District tax, and deficiencies of the Highway tax for A. D 1837, in bills committed to me the undersigned Collector of said Waterford, and remain unpaid as follows, to wit:

| Owners names. | No. Range. | No. Lot. | Acres | Value. | $ | County Tax | Town and School Dist. Tax. | Deficient Highway Tax, 1837. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Calvin Powers, | 1 | 9 | 60 | 50 | $1 25 | | | 93 | $2 18 |
| Eben. Jewett, Jr's. farm, | | | 80 | 120 | 3 00 | | | | 3 00 |
| G R Kimball, Is'c Watson farm, | | | 60 | 150 | 1 87 | | | | 1 87 |
| L. C. Jones's house & land, | | | 2 | 50 | 1 25 | | | | 1 25 |
| W C Whitney Tavern stand, | | | 2 | 556 | 13 75 | | | | 13 75 |
| W C Whitney Sumner Stow farm, | | | 185 | 450 | 11 25 | | | | 11 25 |
| W C Whitney & W part | | | 8 14 7 14 | 80 2 | 45 | 1 13 | | | 1 13 |
| W C Whitney undivided 3 4 | | | 12 12 | 160 | 19 | 25 | | | 25 |
| W C Whitney undivided 3 4 | | | 11 13 | 80 | 12 | 30 | | | 30 |
| Rufus Chadborn's farm, | 12 | 3 | 160 | 75 | 1 83 | | | | 1 88 |
| Eugene Carter's farm, | | | | 16 | 100 | 2 50 | | | 2 50 |
| S'm'l Wheeler farm, | | | | 50 | 50 | 1 25 | | 40 | 1 65 |
| Unknown, | 12 | 1 | 160 | 20 | 50 | | | | 50 |
| do. west half | 12 | 5 | 30 | 20 | 50 | | | | 50 |
| J. Chadborn | 1 | 9 | 50 | 40 | 1 00 | | | | 1 00 |
| C. F. Jones, | 11 | 11 | 160 | 50 | 1 25 | | | 93 | 2 18 |
| C. F. Jones, | 11 | 12 | 160 | 25 | 63 | | | 46 | 1 09 |
| Unknown, South half, | 11 | 6 | 80 | 38 | 95 | | | | 95 |
| J & T Green, | 1 | 13 | 160 | 20 | 25 | | | 28 | 53 |
| Benj. Kimball's house, | 5 | 1 | 15 | 37 | | | | 68 | 68 |
| W E Haskin farm, | | | 46 | 225 | | | | 4 16 | 4 16 |
| Calvin Powers, | 3 | 14 | 160 | 100 | | | | 1 85 | 1 85 |
| W. Foster N. p't | 3 | 1 | 18 | 20 | | | | 68 | 68 |
| Dan'l Green, west part, | 1 | 1 | 30 | 15 | | | | 51 | 51 |
| Jas. Chadborn, | 4 | 14 | 160 | 106 | | | | 2 97 | 2 97 |

Now unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid, I shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the house of William Noble, in said Waterford, on Monday, the eleventh day of May next, 1840, at one o'clock, P M., so much of said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said Taxes and necessary charges.

ROWLAND H. GERRY,
*Collector of Waterford for the year 1838.*
Waterford, Jan. 30, 1840.


### Almanacs for 1840.

JUST received and for sale by the dozen or single lot at the *Oxford Bookstore*, by
W. E. GOODNOW.
November 18, 1839. tf

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

*DUDLEY BEAN,*

late of Brownfield, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs,—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to ABEL GIBSON.
Brownfield Jan. 21, 1840. 3w27

## HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE SPRING TERM of this Academy will commence, Providence permitting, on MONDAY the SECOND DAY OF MARCH next, under the tuition of Mr. ORIAS MILLETT; and as he has heretofore given good satisfaction as an instructor, and the instruction is improving, we, with confidence invite youths of both sexes, whose object is to obtain useful knowledge, to come and see for themselves; depending that it will be the care of the Trustees and Preceptor to render the school to them both agreeable and profitable

JOHN TRIPP, Secretary.
Hebron, Feb. 10, 1840. 27tf

### ANDREW THOMPSON,

## TAILOR.

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Paris and vicinity that he has taken a Shop near Messrs. Crocker & Shaw's Store, on Paris-Hill, where all business in his line will be promptly and faithfully attended to. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Cutting done at short notice.

Paris, August, 15 1839. tf

### BUFFALO ROBES.

A prime lot just received and for sale by the subscriber, also, Fur Collors, Neck Ties, Muffs, Winter Fur Gloves, &c. &c. W. E. GOODNOW.
Norway-Village, Nov. 18, 1839. tf

## WINTER GOODS.

BROADCLOTHS, Cassiderets, Mirenoes, &c. &c. can now be had of the subscriber (for ready pay only) very cheep. Call and see.

W. E. GOODNOW.
Norway, Nov. 18, 1839. tf

## MORTGAGEE'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned, Joseph Noble, of Boston, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, is assignee of the following described Mortgages, viz:

One undivided fifteenth part of a township of land in the county of Oxford, and State of Maine, described as Letter A, No. 2, in said County, sometimes called Holmes or Reedville, mortgaged to John B. Cross, by Joshua Fanning, of Riverhead, in the State of New York, by Deed dated November 9, 1835, recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 43, page 92.

ALSO—One undivided thirtieth part of the same township, mortgaged to said Cross by Nathaniel Miller, of Brookhaven in the State of New York, by Deed dated November 9, 1835, and recorded, Book 43, page 93, in said Oxford Registry

ALSO—One undivided fifteenth part of the same township, mortgaged to said Cross by Nathaniel Tuthill, Jr., of said Riverhead, by Deed dated November 9th, 1835, and Recorded in the Oxford Registry, Book 43, page 94.

ALSO—One undivided thirtieth part of the same township, mortgaged to said Cross by said Tuthill, by Deed, dated November 12, 1835, and recorded in Oxford Registry, Book 46, p. 368; to which several Deeds reference is hereby made for more particular description of said land.

All said Mortgages were made to secure the payment of certain notes, therein mentioned, and were duly assigned to me. Said notes, in the several Mortgages mentioned, remaining unpaid, I claim to have possession of the mortgaged premises aforesaid, for breach of the condition therein severally mentioned, and to foreclose the same. JOSEPH NOBLE.
Portland, February 20, 1840. *3w28


### *Commissioners' Notice.*

THE subscribers having been appointed, by Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Dana Kidder, late of Dixfield, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from the 7th day of January last, are allowed them to bring in and prove their claims, and that the subscribers will, for that purpose, be in session at the house of John J Holman, Esq in said Dixfield, on Saturday the 27th day of June next, and Monday the 6th day of July next, from two to four o'clock, P M.

JOHN J. HOLMAN, }
ISAAC WAIT, } Commissioners.
Dixfield, Feb. 10, 1840. 3w28

### Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of Sylvester G Cutman, late of Oxford, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months from the 28th day of January last, are allowed said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to that service at the dwelling house of Ebenezer R. Holmes, in said Oxford, on the fourth Saturdays of April and June next, from one till five o'clock, P. M.

EBENEZER R HOLMES, }
WILLIAM S. ALLEN, } Com'rs
Oxford, Feb. 16, 1840. 3w28


## ☞RARE CHANCE.☜

THE Fair Mount Farm, (well known as the Cregg Farm) would be let at the halves, containing about 500 acres, suitably divided into mowing, tillage, pasturing, wood and timber land, with an excellent orchard of upwards of 400 Trees, with large and commodious buildings and in excellent repair. There will be a sufficient quantity of stock put on the Farm.

Also,—A Farm at Welchville.

Enquire of
COL. S. CROCKETT, or } of Welchville.
CAPT. W. F. WELCH, }
Feb 1st, 1840. 6w28

## GOOD BARGAIN.

### ☞*For Sale or to Let.*☜

THE well known stand now occupied by the subscriber situated on the road between Norway and Welch Ville leading to Portland. The above stand is completely situated for a Public House, and has about 75 acres of land attached to the same under the best cultivation. Enquire for terms, of

JOSEPH WILSON.


### STATE OF MAINE.

RESOLVE IN RELATION TO MILITARY PENSIONS.

RESOLVED, That the Committee on Military Pensions, be and they hereby are instructed to adopt the same Rules and Regulations, and to require the same evidence, so far as practicable, in all applications for pecuniary relief in consequence of injuries received in the actual service of the State, for protection of the North Eastern Frontier, as are prescribed by an Act of Congress entitled 'An Act to provide for persons who were disabled by known wounds received in the revolutionary war,' passed April 10th, 1806.

In the House of Representatives, February 7, 1840.
Read and passed,
CHAS. ANDREWS, Speaker, Pro tem.
In Senate, February 8, 1840. Read and passed,
STEPHEN C. FOSTER, President.
February 12, 1840—Approved,
JOHN FAIRFIELD.

Secretary's Office, Augusta Feb. 12, 1840.

I certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original in this Department.

Attest:—
PHILIP C. JOHNSON, Secretary of State.

In pursuance of an Order of the Legislature, the Publishers of all 'public newspapers which publish the Laws of the State,' are requested to publish the foregoing Resolve.

PHILIP C. JOHNSON, Sec'y of State.


ISAAC RANDALL,

## ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DIXFIELD, ME.